DC
4 PART MINI-SERIES
ROY & DANN THOMAS and DICK GIORDANO
75¢
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AUG. 85
JONNI THUNDER
A.K.A. Thunderbolt
THE SHOCKING CONCLUSION!
FAREWELL, MY LIGHTNING?
YOU!
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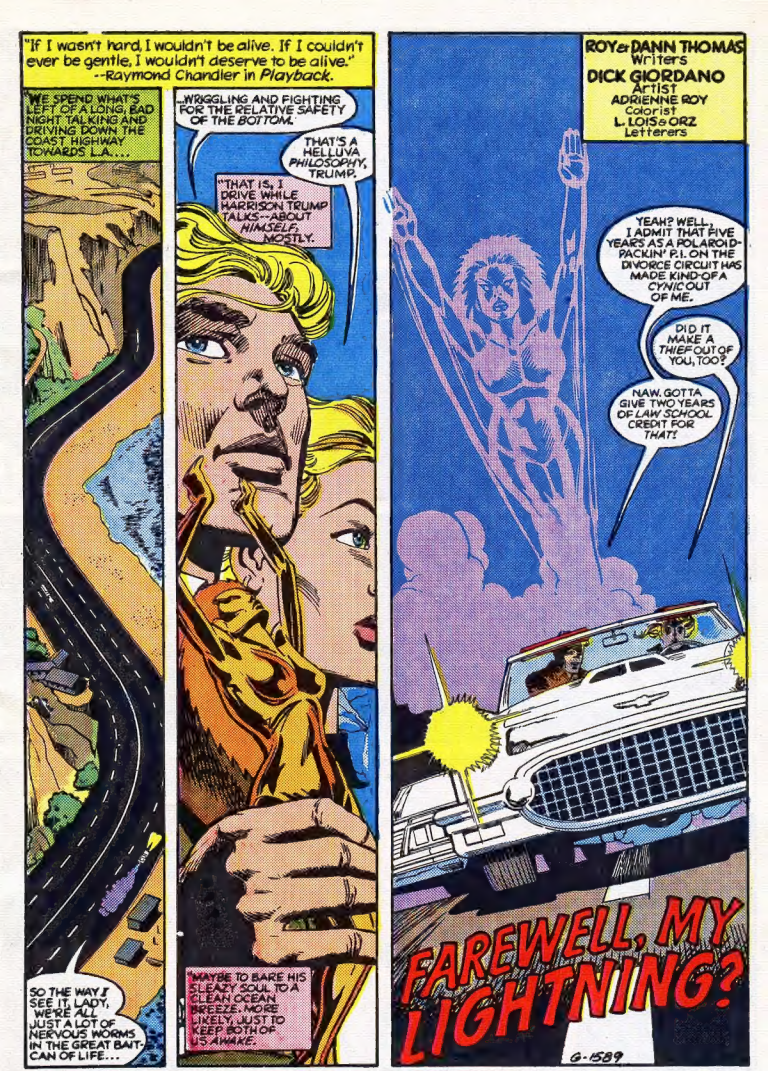
"If I wasn't hard, I wouldn't be alive. If I couldn't ever be gentle, I wouldn't deserve to be alive."
--Raymond Chandler in Playback.
WE SPEND WHAT'S LEFT OF A LONG, BAD NIGHT TALKING AND DRIVING DOWN THE COAST HIGHWAY TOWARDS L.A...
SO THE WAY I SEE IT, LADY, WE'RE ALL JUST A LOT OF NERVOUS WORMS IN THE GREAT BAIT-CAN OF LIFE...
...WRIGGLING AND FIGHTING FOR THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF THE BOTTOM.
THAT'S A HELLUVA PHILOSOPHY, TRUMP.
"THAT IS, I DRIVE WHILE HARRISON TRUMP TALKS--ABOUT HIMSELF, MOSTLY.
MAYBE TO BARE HIS SLEAZY SOUL TO A CLEAN OCEAN BREEZE. MORE LIKELY, JUST TO KEEP BOTH OF US AWAKE.
ROY & DANN THOMAS
Writers
DICK GIORDANO
Artist
ADRIENNE ROY
Colorist
L. LOIS & ORZ
Letterers
YEAH? WELL, I ADMIT THAT FIVE YEARS AS A POLAROID-PACKIN' P.I. ON THE DIVORCE CIRCUIT HAS MADE KIND-OF A CYNIC OUT OF ME.
DID IT MAKE A THIEF OUT OF YOU, TOO?
NAW. GOTTA GIVE TWO YEARS OF LAW SCHOOL CREDIT FOR THAT!
FAREWELL, MY LIGHTNING?
G-1589

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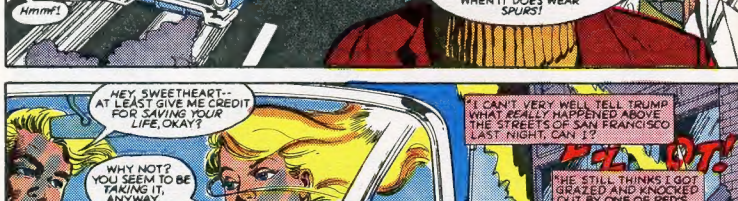
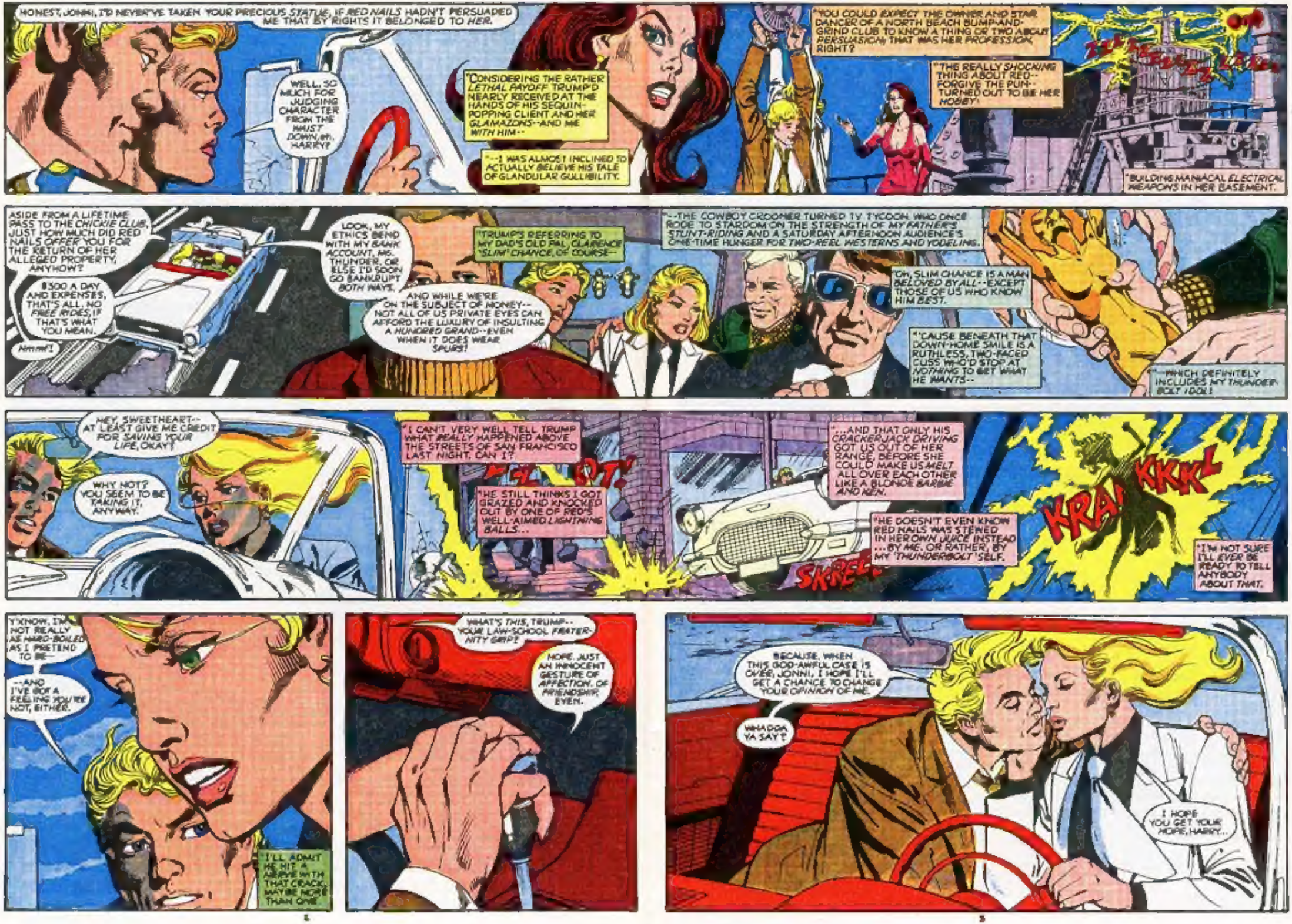
HONEST, JONNI, I'D NEVER'VE TAKEN YOUR PRECIOUS STATUE, IF RED NAILS HADN'T PERSUADED ME THAT BY RIGHTS IT BELONGED TO HER.
WELL, SO MUCH FOR JUDGING CHARACTER FROM THE WAIST DOWN, eh, HARRY?
"CONSIDERING THE RATHER LETHAL PAYOFF TRUMP'D NEARLY RECEIVED AT THE HANDS OF HIS SEQUIN-POPPING CLIENT AND HER GLAMAZONS--AND ME WITH HIM--
"--I WAS ALMOST INCLINED TO ACTUALLY BELIEVE HIS TALE OF GLANDULAR GULLIBILITY.

ASIDE FROM A LIFETIME PASS TO THE CHICKIE CLUB, JUST HOW MUCH DID RED NAILS OFFER YOU FOR THE RETURN OF HER ALLEGED PROPERTY, ANYHOW?
$300 A DAY AND EXPENSES, THAT'S ALL. NO FREE RIDES, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
Hmmf!
LOOK, MY ETHICS BEND WITH MY BANK ACCOUNT, MS. THUNDER. OR ELSE I'D SOON GO BANKRUPT BOTH WAYS.
"TRUMP'S REFERRING TO MY DAD'S OLD PAL, CLARENCE 'SLIM' CHANCE, OF COURSE--
AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF MONEY--NOT ALL OF US PRIVATE EYES CAN AFFORD THE LUXURY OF INSULTING A HUNDRED GRAND--EVEN WHEN IT DOES WEAR SPURS!


HEY, SWEETHEART--AT LEAST GIVE ME CREDIT FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE, OKAY?
WHY NOT? YOU SEEM TO BE TAKING IT, ANYWAY.
I CAN'T VERY WELL TELL TRUMP WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ABOVE THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO LAST NIGHT, CAN I?
"HE STILL THINKS I GOT GRAZED AND KNOCKED OUT BY ONE OF PED'S WELL-AIMED LIGHTNING BALLS...

Y'KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY AS HARD-BOILED AS I PRETEND TO BE--
--AND I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE NOT, EITHER.
"I'LL ADMIT HE HIT A NERVE WITH THAT CRACK. MAYBE MORE THAN ONE.
WHAT'S THIS, TRUMP--YOUR LAW-SCHOOL FRATERNITY GRIP?
NOPE. JUST AN INNOCENT GESTURE OF AFFECTION. OF FRIENDSHIP, EVEN.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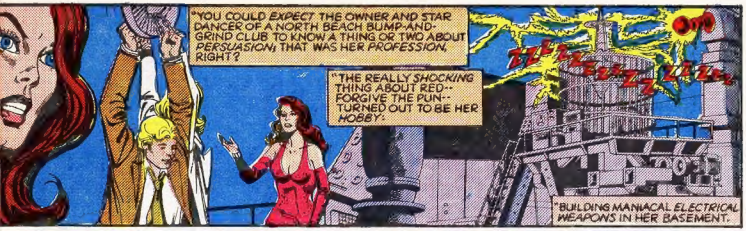
"--I WAS ALMOST INCLINED TO ACTUALLY BELIEVE HIS TALE OF GLANDULAR GULLIBILITY.
"YOU COULD EXPECT THE OWNER AND STAR DANCER OF A NORTH BEACH BUMP-AND-GRIND CLUB TO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT PERSUASION, THAT WAS HER PROFESSION, RIGHT?
"THE REALLY SHOCKING THING ABOUT RED--FORGIVE THE PUN--TURNED OUT TO BE HER HOBBY!
"BUILDING MANIACAL ELECTRICAL WEAPONS IN HER BASEMENT.
ASIDE FROM A LIFETIME PASS TO THE CHICKIE CLUB, JUST HOW MUCH DID RED NAILS OFFER YOU FOR THE RETURN OF HER ALLEGED PROPERTY, ANYHOW?
$300 A DAY AND EXPENSES, THAT'S ALL. NO FREE RIDES, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
Hmmf!
LOOK, MY ETHICS BEND WITH MY BANK ACCOUNT, MS. THUNDER. OR ELSE I'D SOON GO BANKRUPT BOTH WAYS.
AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF MONEY--NOT ALL OF US PRIVATE EYES CAN AFFORD THE LUXURY OF INSULTING A HUNDRED GRAND--EVEN WHEN IT DOES WEAR SPLITS!
"TRUMP'S REFERRING TO MY DAD'S OLD PAL, CLARENCE "SLIM" CHANCE, OF COURSE--
"--THE COWBOY CROONER TURNED TY TYCOON WHO ONCE RODE TO STARDOM ON THE STRENGTH OF MY FATHER'S STUNT-RIDING AND A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AUDIENCE'S ONE-TIME HUNGER FOR TWO-REEL WESTERNS AND YODELING.
"OH, SLIM CHANCE IS A MAN BELOVED BY ALL--EXCEPT THOSE OF US WHO KNOW HIM BEST.
"'CAUSE BENEATH THAT DOWN-HOME SMILE IS A RUTHLESS, TWO-FACED CUSS WHO'D STOP AT NOTHING TO GET WHAT HE WANTS--
"--WHICH DEFINITELY INCLUDES MY THUNDERBOLT I DO!
HEY, SWEETHEART--AT LEAST GIVE ME CREDIT FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE, OKAY?
WHY NOT? YOU SEEM TO BE TAKING IT, ANYWAY.
"I CAN'T VERY WELL TELL TRUMP WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ABOVE THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO LAST NIGHT, CAN I?
"HE STILL THINKS I GOT GRAZED AND KNOCKED OUT BY ONE OF RED'S WELL-AIMED LIGHTNING BALLS...
"...AND THAT ONLY HIS CRACKERJACK DRIVING GOT US OUT OF HER RANGE, BEFORE SHE COULD MAKE US MELT ALL OVER EACH OTHER LIKE A BLONDE BARBIE AND KEN.
"HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW RED NAILS WAS STEWED IN HER OWN JUICE INSTEAD ...BY ME. OR RATHER, BY MY 'THUNDERBOLT' SELF.
KRA KKKL
SKREE
"I'M NOT SURE I'LL EVER BE READY TO TELL ANYBODY ABOUT THAT.
T'KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY AS HARD-BOILED AS I PRETEND TO BE--
--AND I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'RE NOT, EITHER.
"I'LL ADMIT HE HIT A NERVE WITH THAT CRACK, MAYBE MORE THAN ONE
WHAT'S THIS, TRUMP--YOUR LAW-SCHOOL FRATERNITY GRIP?
HOPE. JUST AN INNOCENT GESTURE OF AFFECTION. OR FRIENDSHIP, EVEN.
BECAUSE, WHEN THIS GOD-AWFUL CASE IS OVER, JONNI, I HOPE I'LL GET A CHANCE TO CHANGE YOUR OPINION OF ME.
WHADDA YA SAY?
I HOPE YOU GET YOUR HOPE, HARRY...


"YOU COULD EXPECT THE OWNER AND STAR DANCER OF A NORTH BEACH BUMP-AND-GRIND CLUB TO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT PERSUASION, THAT WAS HER PROFESSION, RIGHT?
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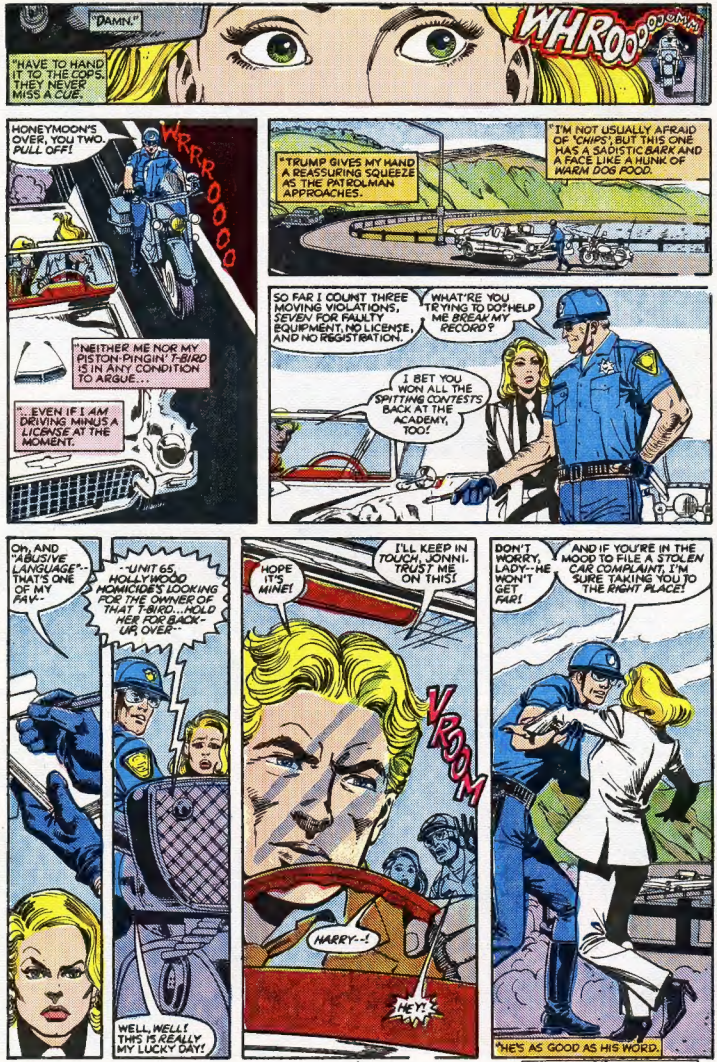
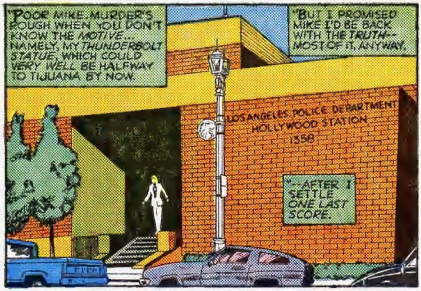
ZZZ

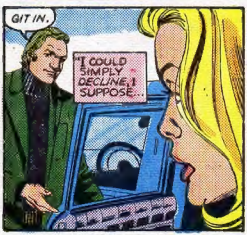

"DAMN."
WHROOOOOMM
"HAVE TO HAND IT TO THE COPS. THEY NEVER MISS A CUE.
HONEYMOON'S OVER, YOU TWO. PULL OFF!
VRRRROOOO
"NEITHER ME NOR MY PISTON-PINGIN' T-BIRD IS IN ANY CONDITION TO ARGUE...
"...EVEN IF I AM DRIVING MINUS A LICENSE AT THE MOMENT.
"TRUMP GIVES MY HAND A REASSURING SQUEEZE AS THE PATROLMAN APPROACHES.
"I'M NOT USUALLY AFRAID OF 'CHIPS', BUT THIS ONE HAS A SADISTIC BARK AND A FACE LIKE A HUNK OF WARM DOG FOOD.
SO FAR I COUNT THREE MOVING VIOLATIONS, SEVEN FOR FAULTY EQUIPMENT, NO LICENSE, AND NO REGISTRATION.
WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO DO? HELP ME BREAK MY RECORD?
I BET YOU WON ALL THE SPITTING CONTESTS BACK AT THE ACADEMY, TOO!
OH, AND "ABUSIVE LANGUAGE"... THAT'S ONE OF MY FAV--
--UNIT 65, HOLLYWOOD MOMICIDE'S LOOKING FOR THE OWNER OF THAT T-BIRD...HOLD HER FOR BACK-UP, OVER--
WELL, WELL! THIS IS REALLY MY LUCKY DAY!
HOPE IT'S MINE!
I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH, JONNI. TRUST ME ON THIS!
VROOM
HARRY--!
HEY!?
DON'T WORRY, LADY--HE WON'T GET FAR!
AND IF YOU'RE IN THE MOOD TO FILE A STOLEN CAR COMPLAINT, I'M SURE TAKING YOU TO THE RIGHT PLACE!
"HE'S AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

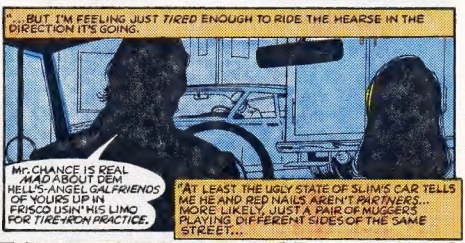
CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.

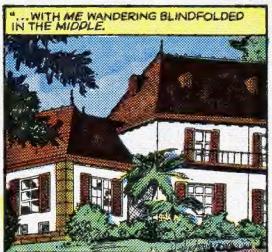
"I ARRIVE AT THE EAST HOLLYWOOD STATION IN TIME TO CATCH SGT. McGUFFIN WOLFING DOWN HIS LAST DONUT BEFORE LUNCH, WHILE LT. MIKE SANCHEZ STARTS IN ON ME...
WHEN I CALLED YOUR OFFICE YESTERDAY AND SAID WE'D BE BY TO CHAT, MS. THUNDER, I KINDA EXPECTED YOU TO STICK AROUND--NOT TAKE A JOY RIDE UP TO FRISCO!
I HAD TO GO, LIEUTENANT. IT WAS URGENT.
AND MURDER ISN'T?
ANY WORD ON MY CAR YET?
5'PROBABLY BURP! A CUT-RATE TAXI IN TIJUANA BY NOW.
AS LONG AS WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, MAYBE YOU'D CARE TO EXPLAIN YOUR RELATIONSHIP TO THIS PARTICULAR CAR-THIEF. PERSONAL, OR--
PRINNNG
SAVED BY THE BELL.
YOU'RE KIDDING! WHO SAYS SO? ...YEAH, SURE.
YOU GOT A HAIRPIN I CAN BORROW, I SOME CLOWN SPILLED JELLY IN MY TAPE-RECORDER.
I LEFT MY PURSE IN SAN FRANCISCO, McGUFFIN. SORRY.
BAD NEWS?
NOTHING TO BREAK YOUR HEART.
JUST A WORD FROM DOWNTOWN ...TO LAY OFF YOU.
SLAM
MUST BE NICE TO HAVE FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.
SOMETIMES.
WELL, THIS IS EARTHQUAKE COUNTRY--WHERE THINGS HAVE A HABIT OF FALLING DOWN HARD AND FAST.
C'MON, LIEUTENANT. SHE AIN'T WORTH MISSIN' THE BURGER WAGON OVER.
LIKE I SAID BEFORE--SAME BAD ATTITUDE THAT GOT HER OLD MAN THROWN OFF THE FORCE.
MY DAD WAS A GOOD COP, MIKE.
HE TURNED P.I. 'CAUSE HE DIDN'T LIKE GETTING THAT KIND OF PHONE CALL FROM DOWNTOWN, EITHER.
THINK ABOUT IT.

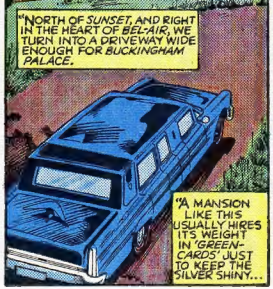

POOR MIKE. MURDER'S ROUGH WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW THE MOTIVE... NAMELY, MY THUNDERBOLT STATUE, WHICH COULD VERY WELL BE HALFWAY TO TIJUANA BY NOW.
"BUT I PROMISED MIKE I'D BE BACK WITH THE TRUTH--MOST OF IT, ANYWAY.
LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT HOLLYWOOD STATION 1358
...AFTER I SETTLE ONE LAST SCORE.

"IT FIGURES MY TARGET'S HIRED HAND WOULD BE WAITING FOR ME, RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET...
WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T THE FAMOUS ROADBLOCK RAMSEY, LINEBACKER TURNED LACKEY!
BAIL BONDS
555-7744
OFFICE
24 HRS SERVICE
O.K. BAIL BONDS
BAIL BONDS OPEN 4 U

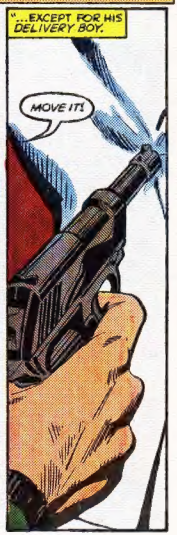

GIT IN.
"I COULD SIMPLY DECLINE, I SUPPOSE...

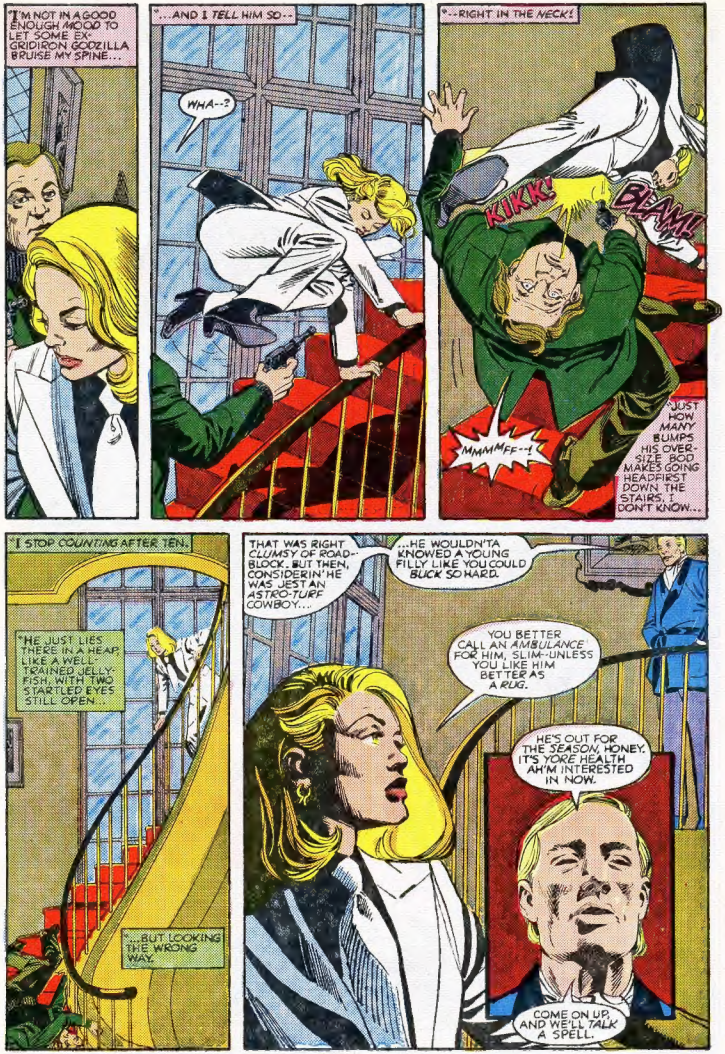

"...BUT I'M FEELING JUST TIRED ENOUGH TO RIDE THE HEARSE IN THE DIRECTION IT'S GOING.
MR. CHANCE IS REAL MAD ABOUT DEM HELLS-ANGEL GALFRIENDS OF YOURS UP IN FRISCO USIN' HIS LIMO FOR TIRE-IRON PRACTICE.
"AT LEAST THE UGLY STATE OF SLIM'S CAR TELLS ME HE AND RED NAILS AREN'T PARTNERS... MORE LIKELY, JUST A PAIR OF MUGGERS PLAYING DIFFERENT SIDES OF THE SAME STREET...

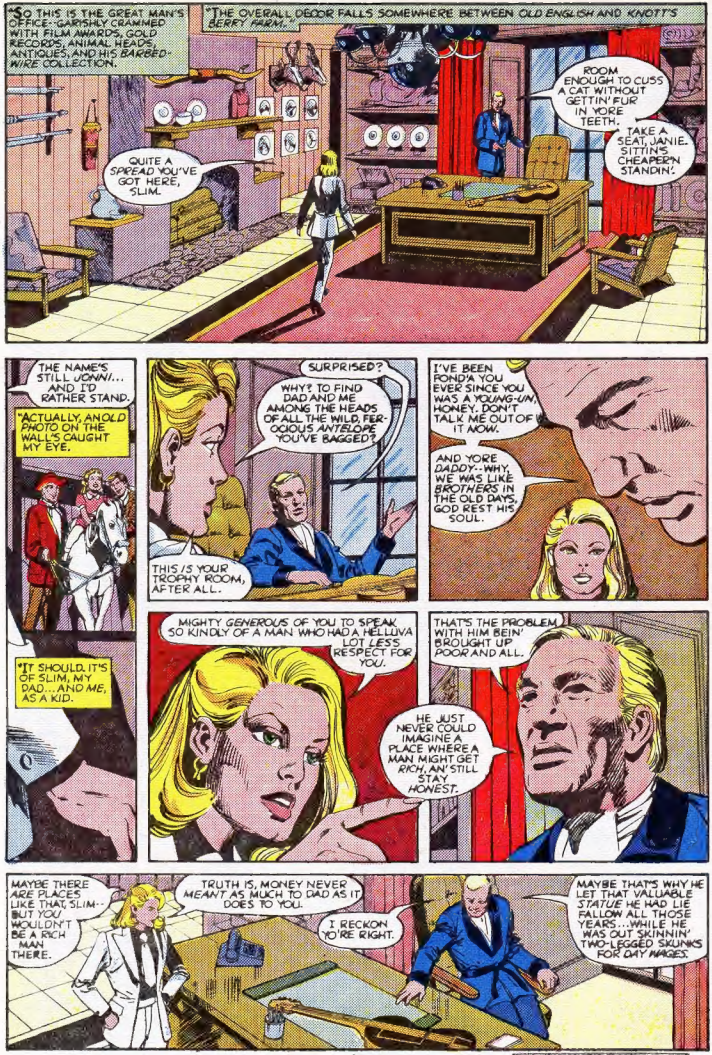

"...WITH ME WANDERING BLINDFOLDED IN THE MIDDLE.


"NORTH OF SUNSET, AND RIGHT IN THE HEART OF BEL-AIR, WE TURN INTO A DRIVEWAY WIDE ENOUGH FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
"A MANSION LIKE THIS USUALLY HIRES ITS WEIGHT IN 'GREEN-CARDS' JUST TO KEEP THE SILVER SHINY...

"...SO I'M MORE THAN A LITTLE SURPRISED WHEN NO MAID OPENS THE DOOR.
MR. CHANCE WANTS YOU ALL TO HISSELF, GIRLIE.
NO WITNESSES, HUH?...


"...EXCEPT FOR HIS DELIVERY BOY.
MOVE IT!


I'M NOT IN A GOOD ENOUGH MOOD TO LET SOME EX-GRIDIRON GODZILLA BRUISE MY SPINE...
"...AND I TELL HIM SO--
WHA--?
"--RIGHT IN THE NECK!
KIKK!
BLAM!
MMMMFF--!
JUST HOW MANY BUMPS HIS OVER-SIZE NOD MAKES GOING HEADFIRST DOWN THE STAIRS, I DON'T KNOW...
I STOP COUNTING AFTER TEN.
"HE JUST LIES THERE IN A HEAP LIKE A WELL-TRAINED JELLY-FISH, WITH TWO STARTLED EYES STILL OPEN...
...BUT LOOKING THE WRONG WAY.
THAT WAS RIGHT CLUMSY OF ROAD-BLOCK, BUT THEN, CONSIDERIN' HE WAS JEST AN ASTRO-TURF COWBOY...
...HE WOULDN'TA KNOWED A YOUNG FILLY LIKE YOU COULD BUCK SO HARD.
YOU BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE FOR HIM, SLIM--UNLESS YOU LIKE HIM BETTER AS A RUG.
HE'S OUT FOR THE SEASON, HONEY. IT'S YO'RE HEALTH AH'M INTERESTED IN NOW.
COME ON UP, AND WE'LL TALK A SPELL.


SO THIS IS THE GREAT MAN'S OFFICE--GARISHLY CRAMMED WITH FILM AWARDS, GOLD RECORDS, ANIMAL HEADS, ANTIQUES, AND HIS BARBED-WIRE COLLECTION.
THE OVERALL DECOR FALLS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN OLD ENGLISH AND KNOTT'S BERRY FARM.
QUITE A SPREAD YOU'VE GOT HERE, SLIM.
ROOM ENOUGH TO CUSS A CAT WITHOUT GETTIN' FUR IN YORE TEETH.
TAKE A SEAT, JANIE. SITTIN'S CHEAPER'N STANDIN'.
THE NAME'S STILL JOAN/... AND I'D RATHER STAND.
ACTUALLY, AN OLD PHOTO ON THE WALL'S CAUGHT MY EYE.
IT SHOULD, IT'S OF SLIM, MY DAD... AND ME, AS A KID.
SURPRISED?
WHY? TO FIND DAD AND ME AMONG THE HEADS OF ALL THE WILD, FEROCIOUS ANTELOPE YOU'VE BAGGED?
THIS IS YOUR TROPHY ROOM, AFTER ALL.
I'VE BEEN FOND'A YOU EVER SINCE YOU WAS A YOUNG-UN, HONEY. DON'T TALK ME OUT OF IT NOW.
AND YORE DADDY--WHY, WE WAS LIKE BROTHERS IN THE OLD DAYS, GOD REST HIS SOUL.
MIGHTY GENEROUS OF YOU TO SPEAK SO KINDLY OF A MAN WHO HAD A HELLUVA LOT LESS RESPECT FOR YOU.
HE JUST NEVER COULD IMAGINE A PLACE WHERE A MAN MIGHT GET RICH, AN' STILL STAY HONEST.
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH HIM BEIN' BROUGHT UP POOR AND ALL.
MAYBE THERE ARE PLACES LIKE THAT, SLIM--BUT YOU WOULDN'T BE A RICH MAN THERE.
TRUTH IS, MONEY NEVER MEANT AS MUCH TO DAD AS IT DOES TO YOU.
I RECKON YO'RE RIGHT.
MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE LET THAT VALUABLE STATUE HE HAD LIE FALLOW ALL THOSE YEARS...WHILE HE WAS OUT SKINNIN' TWO-LEGGED SKUNKS FOR DAY WAGES.



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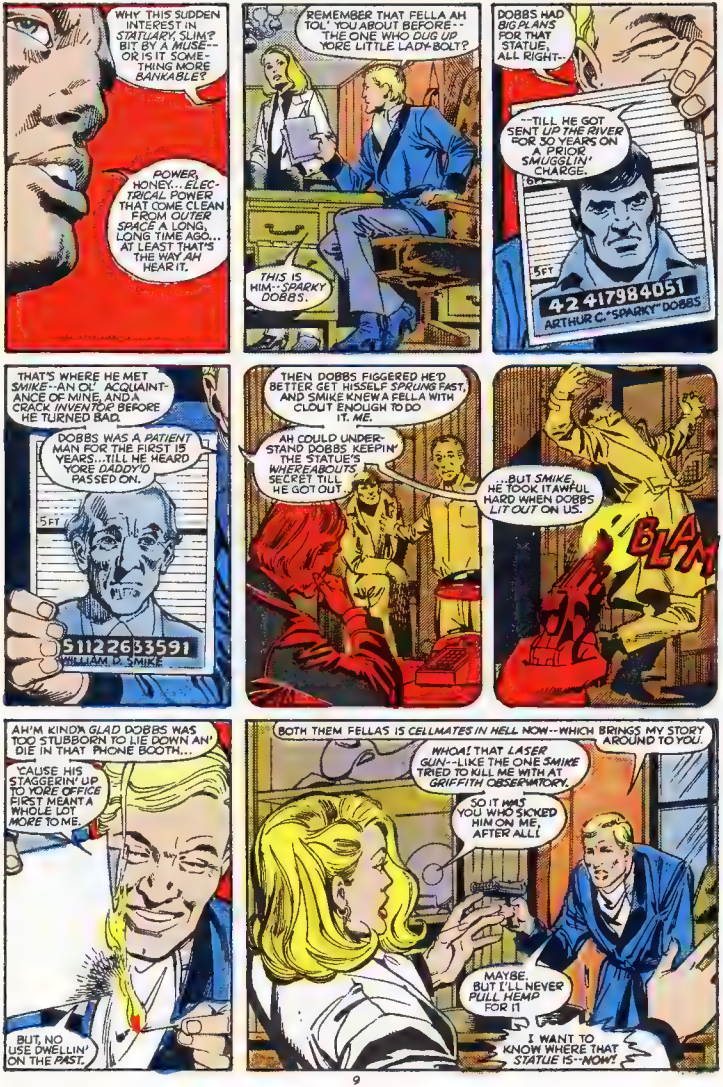
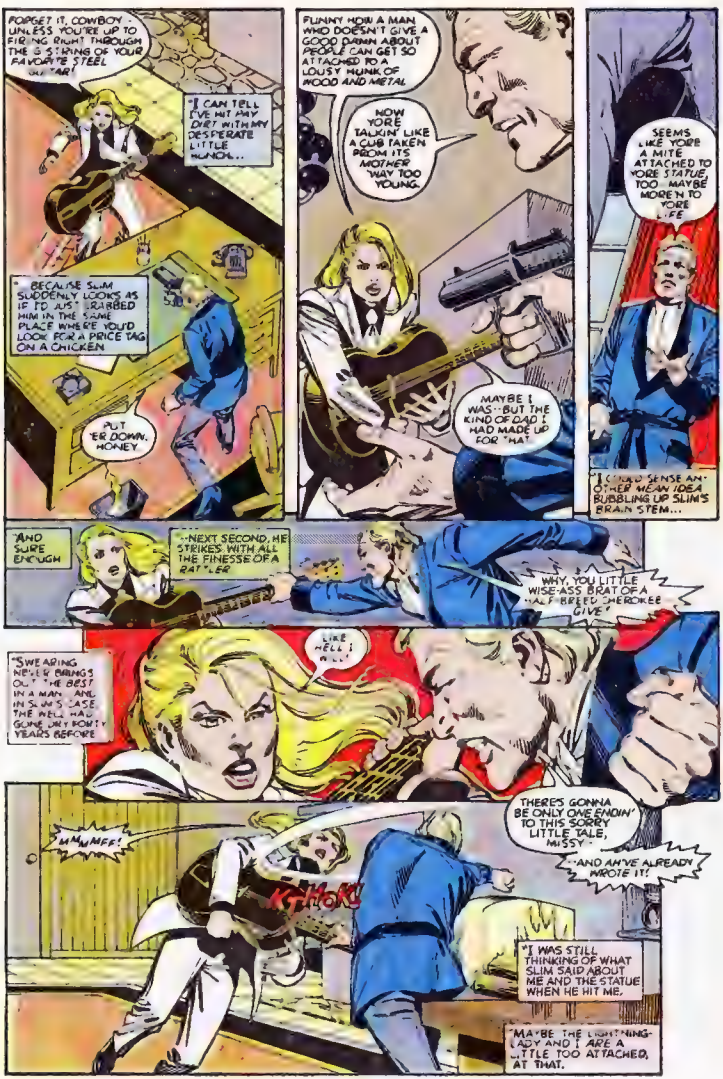
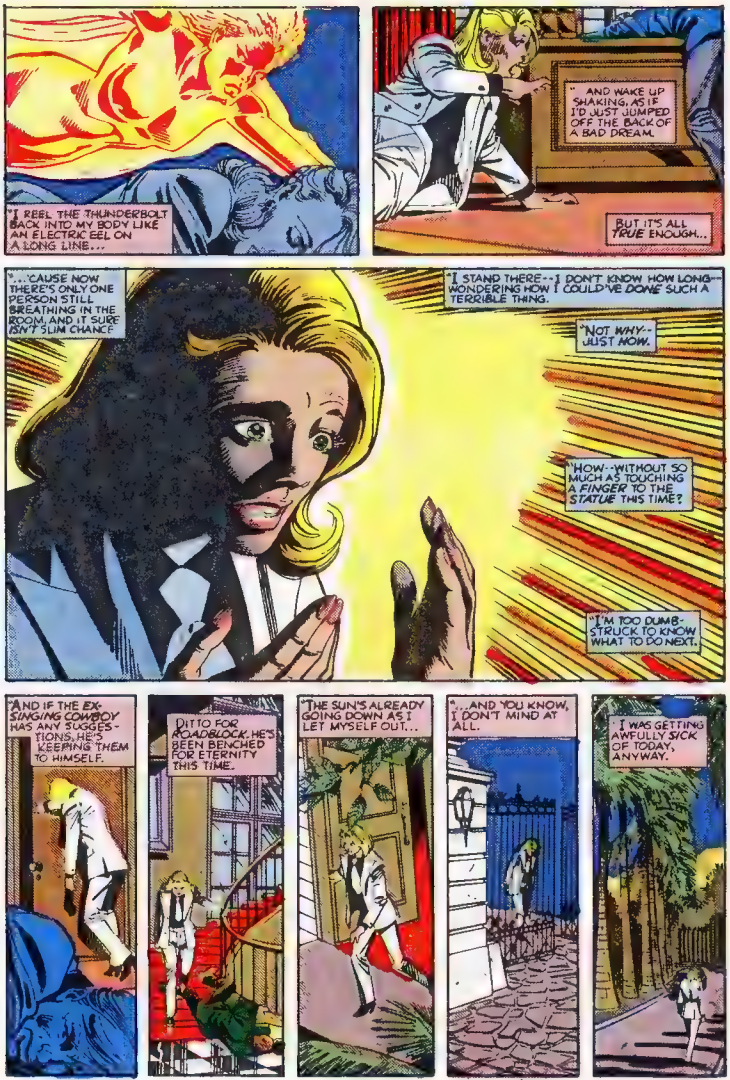

WHY THIS SUDDEN INTEREST IN STATUARY, SLIM? BIT BY A MUSE--OR IS IT SOMETHING MORE BANKABLE?
POWER, HONEY... ELECTRICAL POWER THAT COME CLEAN FROM OUTER SPACE A LONG, LONG TIME AGO... AT LEAST THAT'S THE WAY AH HEAR IT.
REMEMBER THAT FELLA AH TOL' YOU ABOUT BEFORE--THE ONE WHO DUG UP YORE LITTLE LADY-BOLT?
THIS IS HIM--SPARKY DOBBS.
DOBBS HAD BIG PLANS FOR THAT STATUE, ALL RIGHT--
--TILL HE GOT SENT UP THE RIVER FOR 30 YEARS ON A PRIOR SMUGGLIN' CHARGE.
5FT
42 417984051
ARTHUR C. "SPARKY" DOBBS
THAT'S WHERE HE MET SMIKE--AN OL' ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE, AND A CRACK INVENTOR BEFORE HE TURNED BAD.
DOBBS WAS A PATIENT MAN FOR THE FIRST 15 YEARS...TILL HE HEARD YORE DADDY'D PASSED ON.
5FT
511226 3591
WILLIAM D. SMIKE
THEN DOBBS FIGGERED HE'D BETTER GET HISSELF SPRUNG FAST, AND SMIKE KNEW A FELLA WITH CLOUT ENOUGH TO DO IT. ME.
AH COULD UNDERSTAND DOBBS KEEPIN' THE STATUE'S WHEREABOUTS SECRET TILL HE GOT OUT.
..BUT SMIKE, HE TOOK IT AWFUL HARD WHEN DOBBS LIT OUT ON US.
BLAM
AH'M KINDA GLAD DOBBS WAS TOO STUBBORN TO LIE DOWN AN' DIE IN THAT PHONE BOOTH...
'CAUSE HIS STAGGERIN' UP TO YORE OFFICE FIRST MEANT A WHOLE LOT MORE TO ME.
BUT, NO USE DWELLIN' ON THE PAST.
BOTH THEM FELLAS IS CELLMATES IN HELL NOW--WHICH BRINGS MY STORY AROUND TO YOU.
WHOA! THAT LASER GUN--LIKE THE ONE SMIKE TRIED TO KILL ME WITH AT GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY.
SO IT WAS YOU WHO SICKED HIM ON ME, AFTER ALL!
MAYBE. BUT I'LL NEVER PULL HEMP FOR IT
I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THAT STATUE IS--NOW!


FORGET IT, COWBOY. UNLESS YOU'RE UP TO FIRING RIGHT THROUGH THE G-STRING OF YOUR FAVORITE STEEL GUITAR!
"I CAN TELL I'VE MY AHY DIRT WITH MY DESPERATE LITTLE HUNCH...
"BECAUSE SLIM SUDDENLY LOOKS AS IF I'D JUST GRABBED HIM IN THE SAME PLACE WHERE YOU'D LOOK FOR A PRICE TAG ON A CHICKEN.
PUT 'ER DOWN, HONEY.
FUNNY HOW A MAN WHO DOESN'T GIVE A GOOD DARNN ABOUT PEOPLE CAN GET SO ATTACHED TO A LOUSY HUNK OF WOOD AND METAL
NOW YORE TALKIN' LIKE A CUB TAKEN FROM ITS MOTHER WAY TOO YOUNG.
MAYBE I WAS--BUT THE KIND OF DAD I HAD MADE UP FOR 'HAT
SEEMS LIKE YORE A MITE ATTACHED TO YORE STATUE! TOO. MAYBE MORE'N TO YORE LIFE
I COULD SENSE ANOTHER MEAN JOE A BUBBLING UP SLIM'S BRAIN STEM...
AND SURE ENOUGH
...NEXT SECOND, HE STRIKES WITH ALL THE FINESSE OF A RATTLER
WHY, YOU LITTLE WISE-ASS BRAT OF A HALF BREED SHERCKEE GIVE!
SWEARING NEVER BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN A MAN, AND IN SLIM'S CASE THE WELL HAS GONE DRY BOUT'Y YEARS BEFORE
LIKE HELL I WILL!
THERE'S GONNA BE ONLY ONE INDIAN TO THIS SORRY LITTLE TALE, MISSY--
...AND AH'VE ALREADY WROTE IT!
MMMMFF!
KTHOK!
"I WAS STILL THINKING OF WHAT SLIM SAID ABOUT ME AND THE STATUE WHEN HE HIT ME.
"MAYBE THE LIGHTNING LADY AND I ARE A LITTLE TOO ATTACHED, AT THAT.

"OR MAYBE NOT.
ZZZAKKKK
"CAUSE I'VE BARELY HIT THE FLOOR WHEN MY HIGH VOLTAGE STAND-IN APPEARS, TO CONTINUE THE MUSICAL TUG-OF-WAR.
UNFORTUNATELY FOR SLIM, HE'S GOT A GRIP ON AN ELECTRIC GUITAR NOW--A DEATH-GRIP SO TO SPEAK--
--AND HE START'S TO JERK ALL OVER, LIKE A MAN BEING TRAMPLED BY GILLEY'S MECHANICAL BULL.
"HIS LAST YODEL HE GIVES IT ALL HE'S GOT
YYAAAAAAAAA
"MAYBE SLIM CHANCE MANAGED TO GIVE HIMSELF A LEG UP ON THE LAW IN HIS LIFETIME.
BUT AS MARLOWE WOULD SAY...JUSTICE IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.
"YEAH, IT'S JUSTICE, ALL RIGHT--THAT A MAN TOO TALL TO HANG SHOULD DIE BY THE NECK OF HIS GUITAR


"I REEL THE THUNDERBOLT BACK INTO MY BODY LIKE AN ELECTRIC EEL ON A LONG LINE...
"... AND WAKE UP SHAKING, AS IF I'D JUST JUMPED OFF THE BACK OF A BAD DREAM.
BUT IT'S ALL TRUE ENOUGH...
"...'CAUSE NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON STILL BREATHING IN THE ROOM, AND IT SURE ISN'T SLIM CHANCE!
"I STAND THERE--I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG--WONDERING HOW I COULD'VE DONE SUCH A TERRIBLE THING.
"NOT WHY--JUST HOW.
"HOW--WITHOUT SO MUCH AS TOUCHING A FINGER TO THE STATUE THIS TIME?
"I'M TOO DUMB-STRUCK TO KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT.
"AND IF THE EX-SINGING COWBOY HAS ANY SUGGESTIONS, HE'S KEEPING THEM TO HIMSELF.
DITTO FOR ROADBLOCK. HE'S BEEN BENCHED FOR ETERNITY THIS TIME.
"THE SUN'S ALREADY GOING DOWN AS I LET MYSELF OUT...
"...AND YOU KNOW, I DON'T MIND AT ALL.
I WAS GETTING AWFULLY SICK OF TODAY, ANYWAY.

"I POINT MYSELF IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF HOLLYWOOD.

"THAT ALONE OUGHT TO PROVE ME CERTIFIABLE. IT'S A GOOD TEN MILES AWAY.

"NOBODY WALKS IN THIS TOWN, EXCEPT WINDED RUNNERS, WINOS, AND NOW ME

"I MAKE MY WAY DOWN BEL-AIR'S PALM LINED STREETS THE MYSTERY OF THE PAST THREE DAYS UNWINDING SLOWLY IN MY MIND.

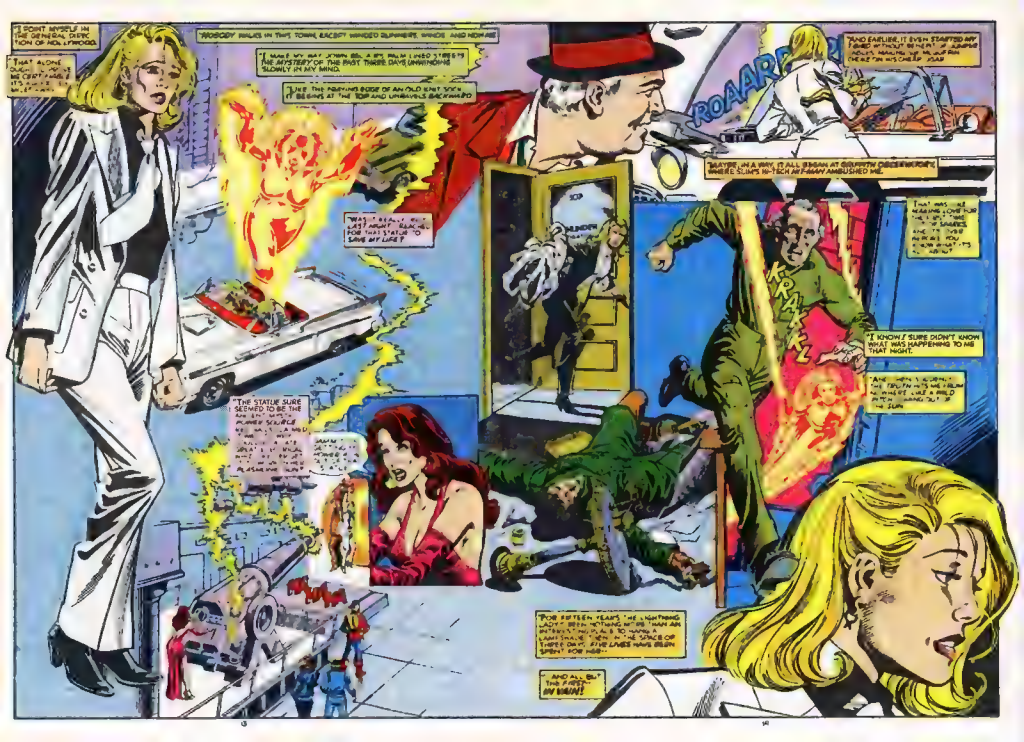
"LIKE THE FRAYING EDGE OF AN OLD KNIT SOCK, IT BEGINS AT THE TOP AND UNRAVELS BACKWARD.

"WAS IT REALLY ONLY LAST NIGHT I REACHED FOR THAT STATUE TO SAVE MY LIFE?

"THE STATUE SURE SEEMED TO BE THE ANCIENT, MYSTIC POWER SOURCE RED NAILS CLAIMED IT WAS--SO WHY COULDN'T A LATE, GREAT ELECTRICAL WHIZ LIKE HER GET IT TO WORK IN HER PLASMONIC GUN?

DAMMIT! I'M GETTING NO POWER AT ALL OUT OF THAT STATUE!

HA HA HA


I FOUND MYSELF IN THE GENERAL VICINITY OF MOLLYWOOD.
THAT ALONE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO CERTIFY ME AS INSANE.
NOBODY WALKS IN THIS TOWN, EXCEPT WINDED RUNNERS, WINOS, AND HOMICIDE VICTIMS.
I MUST BE OUT OF MY GOD-DAMN SKULL. A SPY FROM LIMBO 2 TIMES? THE MYSTERY OF THE PAST THREE DAYS UNWINDING SLOWLY IN MY MIND.
LIKE THE MORNING RISE OF AN OLD BAT SICK IT BELOWS AT THE TOP AND UNRAVELS BACKWARD.
"WAS I REALLY THAT LAST? WAS IT ALL FOR THIS? THIS TO SAVE MY LIFE?
"THE STATUE SURE SEEMED TO BE THE
ROAAR
"AND EARLIER, IT EVEN STARTED ANY THING WITHOUT BEING ASKED. JUMPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE MESS AND SAVED MY ASS!
"MAYBE, IN A WAY, IT ALL BEGAN AT GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY, WHERE SLIMS HI-TECH ART-MAN AMBUSHED ME.
KRAAKK
"I KNOW I SURE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO ME THAT NIGHT.
"AND WHEN I AGONIZE OVER THE PAIN IT'S NOT WHERE I LIKE A FIELD MOUSE RUNNING OUT OF THE SUN.
"FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, I'VE LIVED NOTHING LIKE A MAN. NOTHING WITH AN INTEREST IN IT, AS TO HAVING A LIGHTHOUSE KEEP IN THE SPACES OF THREE DAYS. FIVE LIVES HAVE BEEN SPENT FOR HER!
"AND ALL BY THIS FIRST, IN VAIN!
JOHN

"AND EARLIER, IT EVEN *STARTED MY T-BIRD* WITHOUT BENEFIT OF JUMPER CABLES, MAKING Sgt. McGUFFIN CHOKE ON HIS CHEAP CIGAR.

ROAARR

SWISSSH

"MAYBE, IN A WAY, IT ALL BEGAN AT *GRIFFITH OBSERVATORY*, WHERE SLIM'S HI-TECH *NIT-MAN* AMBUSHED ME.

307

HUNDER
IGATIONS

"THAT WAS LIKE *MAKING LOVE* FOR THE FIRST TIME: LOT OF *SPARKS*, AND IT'S OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

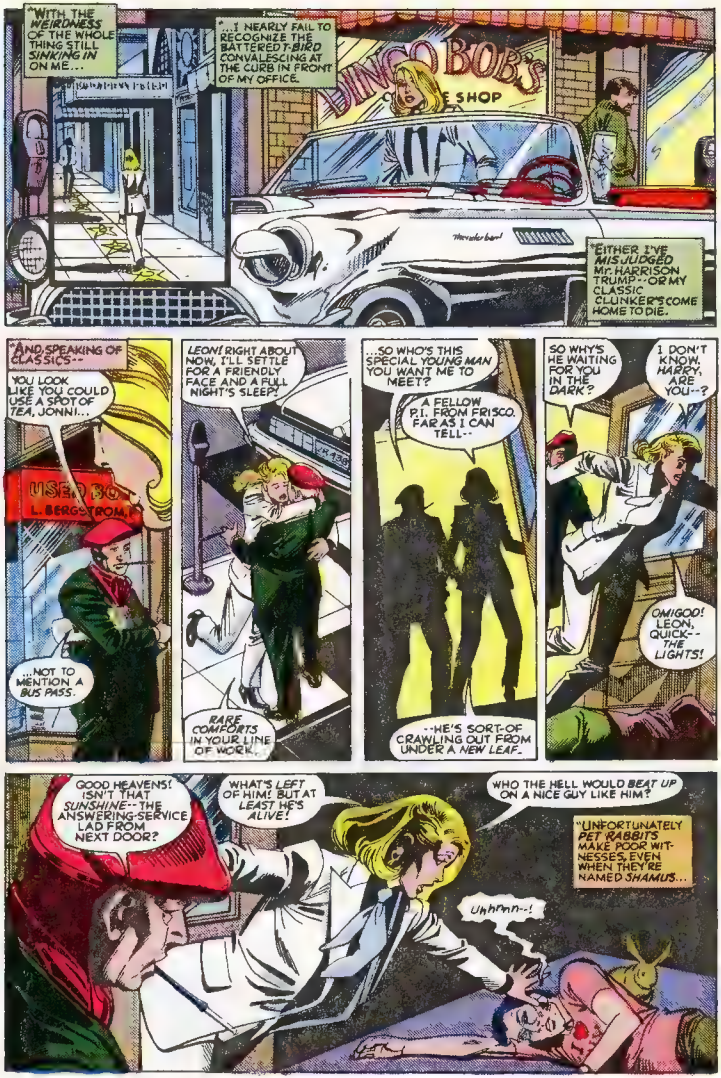
KRAKK

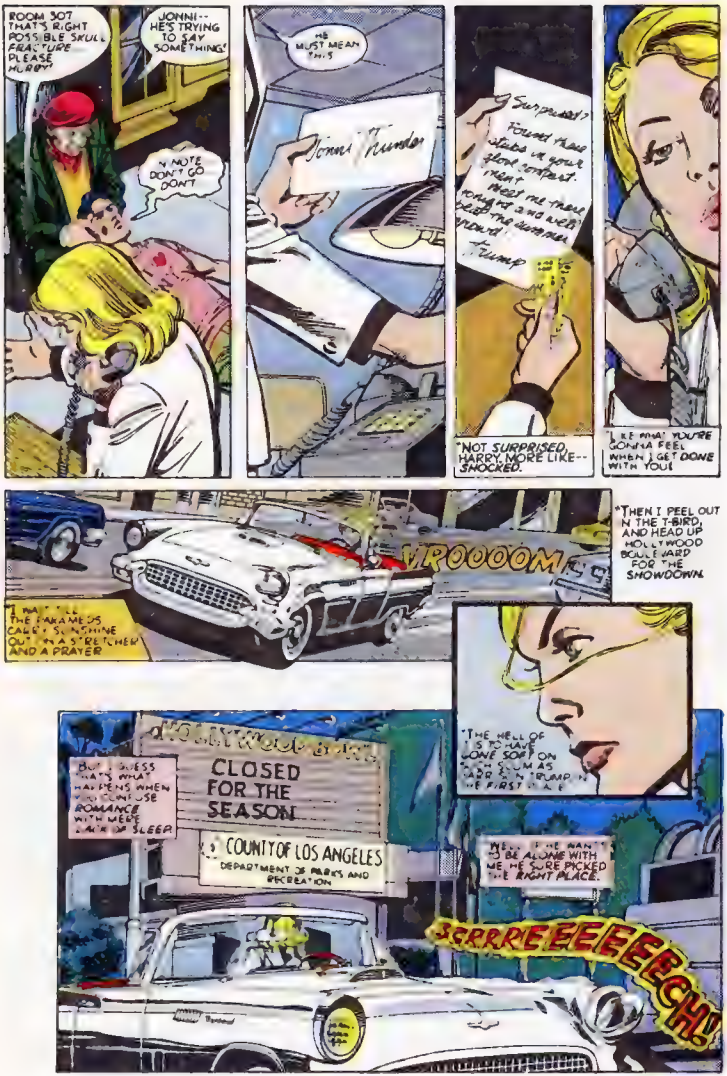
"I KNOW *I* SURE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING TO ME THAT NIGHT.

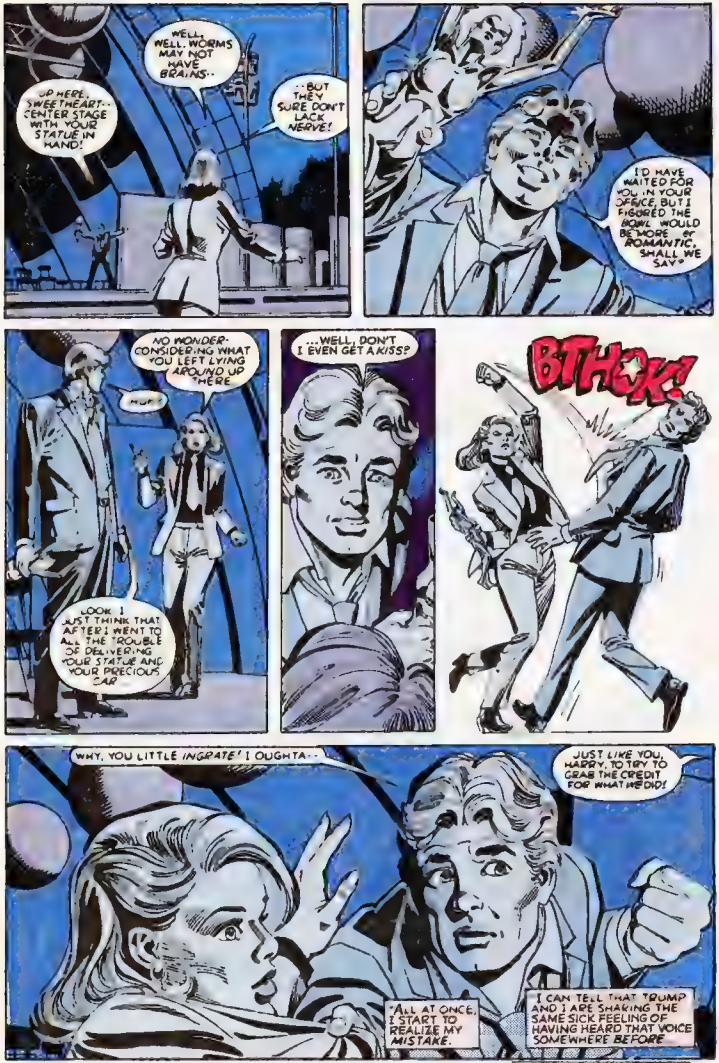
"AND THEN, SUDDENLY--THE *TRUTH* HITS ME FROM NOWHERE, LIKE A *WILD PITCH* COMING OUT OF THE *SUN*.

"FOR FIFTEEN YEARS THE LIGHTNING LADY'S BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN AN INTERESTING PLACE TO HANG A LAMPSHADE. THEN, IN THE SPACE OF THREE DAYS, *FIVE LIVES* HAVE BEEN SPENT FOR HER--

"--AND ALL BUT THE *FIRST*--*IN VAIN!*


"WITH THE WEIRDNESS OF THE WHOLE THING STILL SINKING IN ON ME...
"...I NEARLY FAIL TO RECOGNIZE THE BATTERED T-BIRD CONVALESCING AT THE CURB IN FRONT OF MY OFFICE.
DINGO BOB'S SHOP
"EITHER I'VE MISJUDGED MR. HARRISON TRUMP--OR MY CLASSIC CLUNKER'S COME HOME TO DIE.
"AND SPEAKING OF CLASSICS--
YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A SPOT OF TEA, JONNI...
USED TO L. BERG-TROM, P.
...NOT TO MENTION A BUS PASS.
LEON! RIGHT ABOUT NOW, I'LL SETTLE FOR A FRIENDLY FACE AND A FULL NIGHT'S SLEEP!
RARE COMFORTS IN YOUR LINE OF WORK.
...SO WHO'S THIS SPECIAL YOUNG MAN YOU WANT ME TO MEET?
A FELLOW P.I. FROM FRISCO. FAR AS I CAN TELL--
--HE'S SORT-OF CRAWLING OUT FROM UNDER A NEW LEAF.
SO WHY'S HE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE DARK?
I DON'T KNOW, HARRY, WHERE YOU--?
OMIGOD! LEON, QUICK-- THE LIGHTS!
GOOD HEAVENS! ISN'T THAT SUNSHINE--THE ANSWERING-SERVICE LAD FROM NEXT DOOR?
WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! BUT AT LEAST HE'S ALIVE!
WHO THE HELL WOULD BEAT UP ON A NICE GUY LIKE HIM?
"UNFORTUNATELY PET RABBITS MAKE POOR WITNESSES, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE NAMED SHAMUS...
UHHMM--!


ROOM 307 THAT'S RIGHT POSSIBLE SKULL FRACTURE PLEASE HURRY!
JONNI-- HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING!
NO! DON'T GO DON'T
HE MUST MEAN THIS
Jonni Thunder
"NOT SURPRISED, HARRY. MORE LIKE-- SHOCKED.
Surprised? Found these shades in your glove compartment. Thought you might need them. Keep up the good work. Regards, Trump
I'LL MAKE YOU'RE GONNA FEEL WHEN I GET DONE WITH YOU!
I'M OUTTA THE FRAKAMEDIS CAGE! SUNSHINE OUT 'N A STRETCHER AND A PRAYER
VROOOOM
*THEN I PEEL OUT N THE T-BIRD AND HEAD UP HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD FOR THE SHOWDOWN.
"THE HELL OF IT IS TO HAVE GONE SOFT ON [illegible] AS HARRY TRUMP IN THE FIRST PLACE.
BUT I GUESS THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LOSE ROMANCE WITH WEEKS LACK OF SLEEP
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES
DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION
ME... I'VE WANT TO BE ALONE WITH ME. HE SURE PICKED THE RIGHT PLACE.
SCRRREEEEECH!


WELL, WELL. WORMS MAY NOT HAVE BRAINS..
..BUT THEY SURE DON'T LACK NERVE!
UP HERE, SWEETHEART.. CENTER STAGE WITH YOUR STATUE IN HAND!
I'D HAVE WAITED FOR YOU IN YOUR OFFICE, BUT I FIGURED THE BOWL WOULD BE MORE ROMANTIC, SHALL WE SAY?
NO WONDER- CONSIDERING WHAT YOU LEFT LYING AROUND UP THERE.
HUH?
LOOK, I JUST THINK THAT AFTER I WENT TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF DELIVERING YOUR STATUE AND YOUR PRECIOUS CAR
...WELL, DON'T I EVEN GET A KISS?
BTHOK!
WHY, YOU LITTLE INGRATE! I OUGHTA..
JUST LIKE YOU, HARRY, TO TRY TO GRAB THE CREDIT FOR WHAT WE DID!
ALL AT ONCE, I START TO REALIZE MY MISTAKE.
I CAN TELL THAT TRUMP AND I ARE SHARING THE SAME SICK FEELING OF HAVING HEARD THAT VOICE SOMEWHERE BEFORE.

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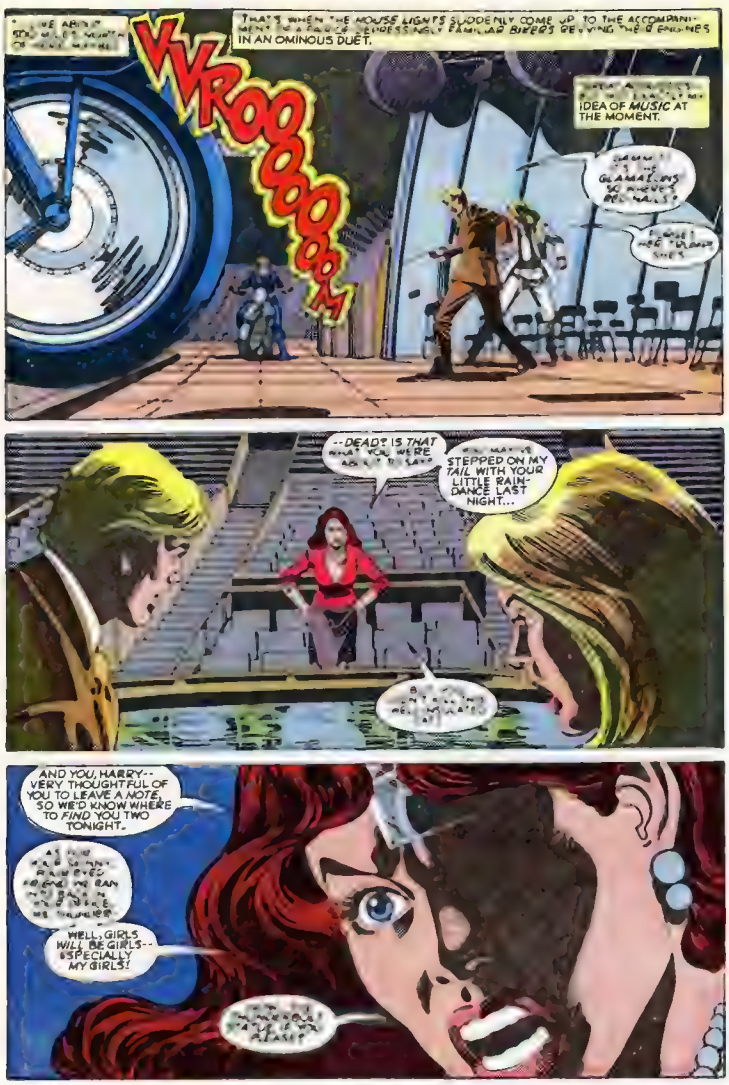
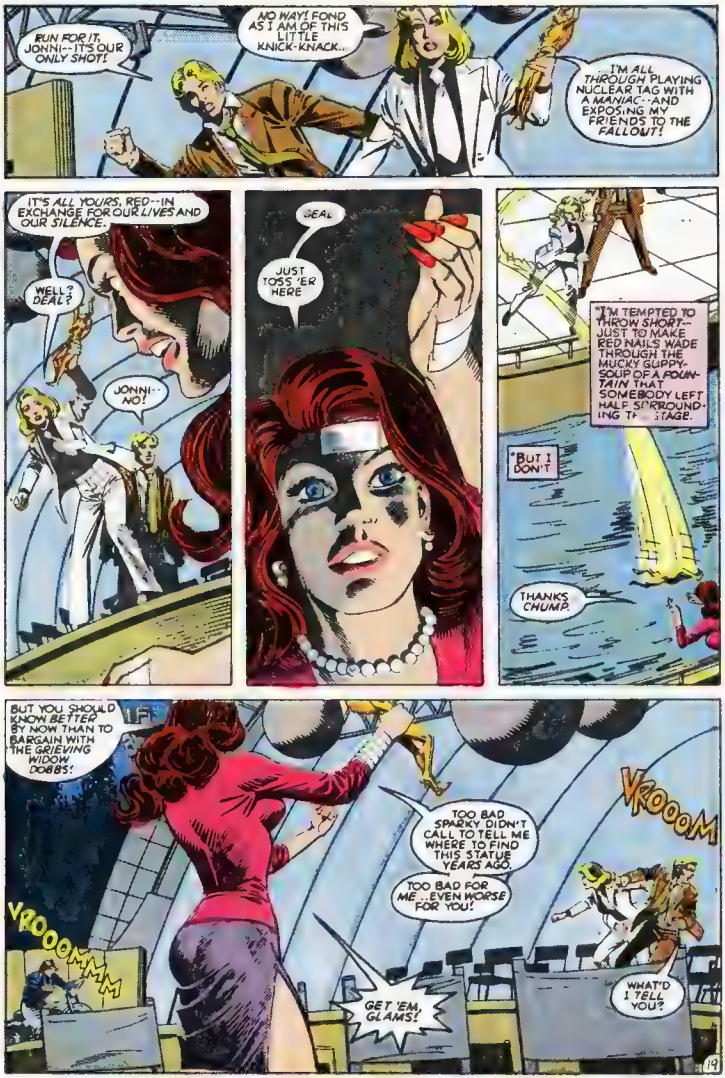

WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MAZE.
THAT'S WHEN THE MOUSE LIGHTS SUDDENLY COME UP TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF A FAMILIAR, RELENTLESSLY FAMILIAR BUZZING OF FLYING MECHANISMS IN AN OMINOUS DUET.
VVROOOOOOM
IDEA OF MUSIC AT THE MOMENT.
--DEAD? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO SAY?
STEPPED ON MY TAIL WITH YOUR LITTLE RAIN-DANCE LAST NIGHT...
AND YOU, HARRY-- VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU TO LEAVE A NOTE, SO WE'D KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU TWO TONIGHT.
WELL, GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS-- ESPECIALLY MY GIRLS!


RUN FOR IT, JONNI--IT'S OUR ONLY SHOT!
NO WAY! FOND AS I AM OF THIS LITTLE KNICK-KNACK...
I'M ALL THROUGH PLAYING NUCLEAR TAG WITH A MANIAC--AND EXPOSING MY FRIENDS TO THE FALLOUT!
IT'S ALL YOURS, RED--IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR LIVES AND OUR SILENCE.
WELL? DEAL?
JONNI--NO!
DEAL
JUST TOSS 'ER HERE
"I'M TEMPTED TO THROW SHORT--JUST TO MAKE RED NAILS WADE THROUGH THE MUCKY GUPPY-SOUP OF A FOUNTAIN THAT SOMEBODY LEFT HALF SURROUNDING TH... STAGE.
"BUT I DON'T
THANKS, CHUMP.
BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER BY NOW THAN TO BARGAIN WITH THE GRIEVING WIDOW DOBBS!
TOO BAD SPARKY DIDN'T CALL TO TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THIS STATUE YEARS AGO.
TOO BAD FOR ME...EVEN HORSE FOR YOU!
VROOOM
VROOOM
GET 'EM, GLAMS!
WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

"DESPITE TRUMP'S DESPONDENT 'TOLD-YOU-SO,' I WAS HARDLY *STARTLED* BY THIS LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSS.

"I KNEW RED NAILS WOULD *TRUST* US TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT AS FAR AS SHE COULD *THROW* US--"

"--NAMELY, *SIX FEET*, STRAIGHT *DOWN!*

VROOOOOM

VROOOOM

STAND YOUR GROUND, HARRY--TILL I GIVE THE WORD TO *JUMP!*

NOW YOU'RE MAKING AS MUCH SENSE AS A *LOOSE FAN-BELT!*

YOU'VE GOTTA *TRUST* ME ON THIS--UNLESS YOU WANT TO LEAVE THIS WORLD IN A *TIRE-TREAD SUIT!*

OKAY--BUT IF THIS IS YOUR IDEALIZED NOTION OF A *SUICIDE PACT--!*

"I WAIT TILL THE CYCLES ARE TOO CLOSE TO *STOP.*

"THEN--I *TURN OUT* THE STAGE LIGHTS WITHOUT SO MUCH AS BREATHING ON THE SWITCH!

SNAP!

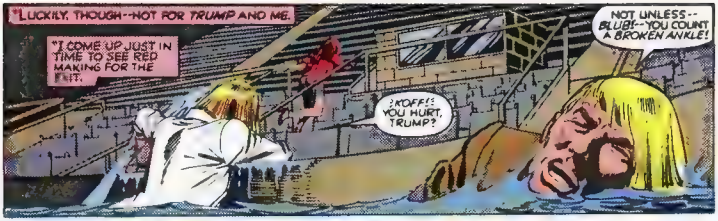
THIS IS IT, HARRY! JUMP!

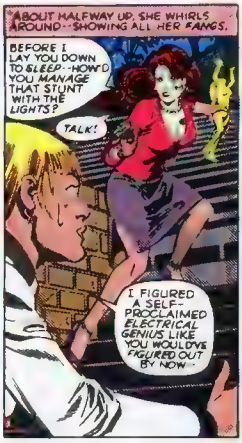
HEY! I CAN'T SEE!

"'*MOTORCYCLE CHICKEN*' IS A HAZARDOUS GAME UNDER *ANY* CIRCUM-STANCES.

"IN THE *DARK*--IT CAN BE *FATAL.*

KABLAAAAM!!


"LUCKILY, THOUGH--NOT FOR TRUMP AND ME.
"I COME UP JUST IN TIME TO SEE RED MAKING FOR THE FLIT.
?KOFF!: YOU HURT, TRUMP?
NOT UNLESS--BLUBB--YOU COUNT A BROKEN ANKLE!


ABOUT HALFWAY UP, SHE WHIRLS AROUND--SHOWING ALL HER FANGS.
BEFORE I LAY YOU DOWN TO SLEEP--HOW'D YOU MANAGE THAT STUNT WITH THE LIGHTS?
TALK!
I FIGURED A SELF-PROCLAIMED ELECTRICAL GENIUS LIKE YOU WOULD'VE FIGURED OUT BY NOW--

YOU SEE, EVER SINCE THE OTHER NIGHT UP AT THE OBSERVATORY, WHATEVER WEIRD ENERGY THERE WAS IN THAT STATUE--WAS DRAINED TOTALLY INTO ME!
I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS FATE--OR JUST AN ACCIDENT, BUT--
NO! YOU'RE LYING! THAT CAN'T BE TRUE!
*RED'S OBSESSION WITH THE LIGHTNING-LADY'S MAPPED HER LIFE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS SUCH DREAMS DIE HARD...
*...AND USUALLY NOT ALONE.

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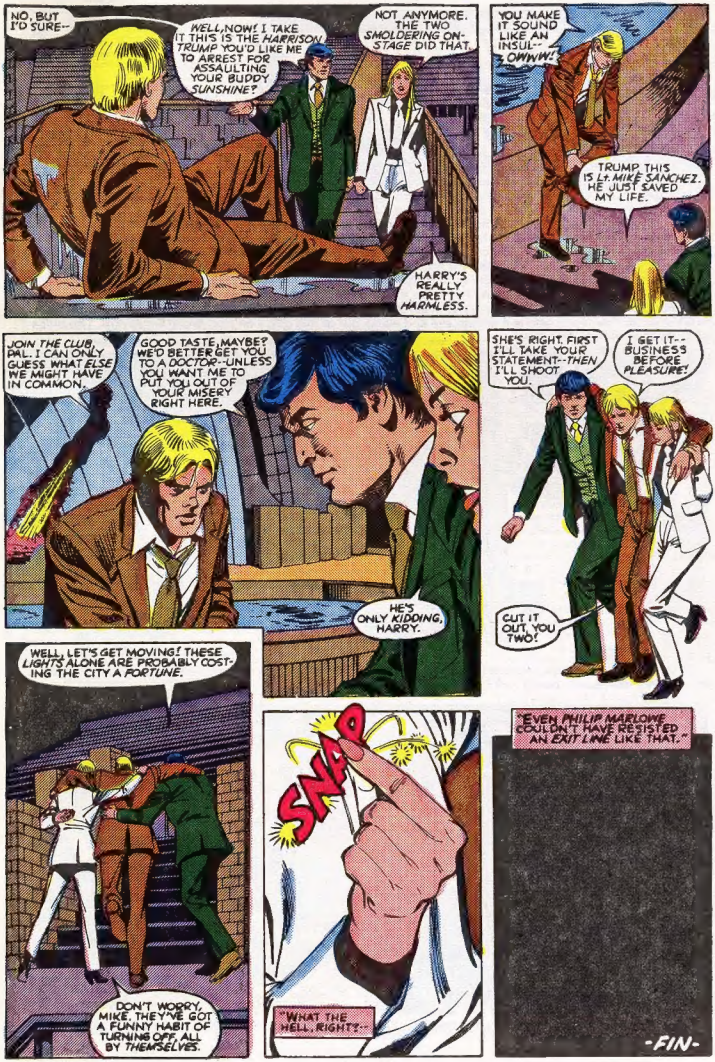
I SUPPOSE, AT THIS POINT, WE BOTH EXPECT MY HIGH-VOLTAGE ALTER EGO TO REACH OUT AND ELECTROCUTE HER ON THE SPOT...
BUT MUCH AS RED'S EARNED A FAST FRY--I JUST CAN'T--
--MAYBE BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO TURN OUT LIKE HER.
IT ALL HAPPENS SO FAST-- I CATCH HER OFF GUARD.
BLAM
LUCKY FOR ME, SHE'S STILL A LOUSY SHOT.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

"THAT LAST SHOT CAME FROM ABOVE--FROM SOMEBODY WITH A DOWNRIGHT DEADLY AIM.
"FOR ONE STARTLING MOMENT, I THINK IT'S MY DAD STRIDING DOWN ALL THOSE STAIRS TOWARD ME...
"...BECAUSE WHEN IMPOSSIBLE THINGS START HAPPENING, YOU CAN'T EVER QUITE TELL WHERE THEY'LL STOP.
"BUT I'M WRONG.
MIKE!
SORRY I'M LATE, JONNI. I ONLY GOT YOUR MESSAGE A FEW MINUTES AGO.
YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
YEAH. AREN'T WE ALL.
TASTEFUL DRESSER. SHE DEAD?
I THINK SO. WITH HER--IT'S HARD TO BE SURE.
WHAT'S THIS?
THE REASON! SOME PEOPLE WERE UNDER THE FATAL IMPRESSION THAT SHE MIGHT BE WORTH SOMETHING.
HEY, THAT'S FUNNY--SHE KIND'A LOOKS LIKE YOU.
YOU DON'T KNOW ME QUITE THAT WELL, LIEUTENANT.


NO, BUT I'D SURE--
WELL, NOW! I TAKE IT THIS IS THE HARRISON TRUMP YOU'D LIKE ME TO ARREST FOR ASSAULTING YOUR BUDDY SUNSHINE?
NOT ANYMORE. THE TWO SMOLDERING ON-STAGE DID THAT.
HARRY'S REALLY PRETTY HARMLESS.
YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE AN INSUL-- OWWW!
TRUMP, THIS IS LT. MIKE SANCHEZ. HE JUST SAVED MY LIFE.
JOIN THE CLUB, PAL. I CAN ONLY GUESS WHAT ELSE WE MIGHT HAVE IN COMMON.
GOOD TASTE, MAYBE? WE'D BETTER GET YOU TO A DOCTOR--UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY RIGHT HERE.
HE'S ONLY KIDDING, HARRY.
SHE'S RIGHT. FIRST I'LL TAKE YOUR STATEMENT--THEN I'LL SHOOT YOU.
I GET IT-- BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!
CUT IT OUT, YOU TWO!
WELL, LET'S GET MOVING! THESE LIGHTS ALONE ARE PROBABLY COSTING THE CITY A FORTUNE.
DON'T WORRY, MIKE. THEY'VE GOT A FUNNY HABIT OF TURNING OFF ALL BY THEMSELVES.
SNAP
"WHAT THE HELL, RIGHT?--
"EVEN PHILIP MARLOWE COULDN'T HAVE RESISTED AN EXIT LINE LIKE THAT."
-FIN-

# JONNI THUNDER
## P.I. Thunderbolt

L-2058

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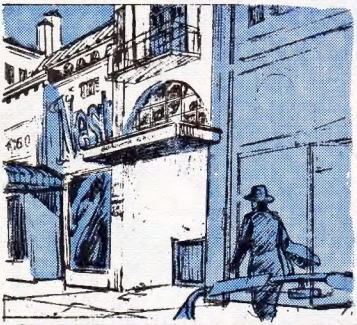
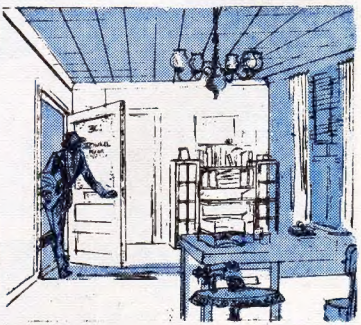
For the past couple of issues now, we've been promising you a glimpse at some of artist (and DC executive-editor) *Dick Giordano's* earliest drawings of our pulse-stopping P.I.

Actually, about the first illos Dick did for JONNI THUNDER were a series of drawings done for a projected *film strip* of DC's then-forthcoming comics, which was slated to be shown at various comics conventions around the country. They were done in the form of a sort of *storyboard* such as movies often use to give everybody concerned an idea as to how the story will be shot ... what camera angles, etc.

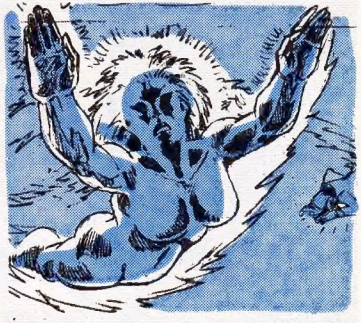
As it turns out, the drawings Dick did weren't used in the film strip for one reason or another, and even the precise *narration* I wrote (from Dick's notes) has been lost. Not Mr. G.'s original pencils and notes, though—which are herewith presented to a doubtless grateful posterity:

Meet Jonni Thunder... who is a private eye and works out of this office on Hollywood Boulevard. The office ain't much. Business ain't great.





Of course, that could be because Jonni is a rarity...a P.I. who is also a woman. And although she's a darn good P.I., the big Hollywood money just hasn't found her yet.



Oh, by the way...not only is Jonni a P.I. She also has the disconcerting power to turn herself into—a HUMAN THUNDERBOLT!

Want to see more of JONNI THUNDER? Let us know, Okay?

# MEANWHILE...

**The British are coming! The British are coming!**

That's good news! For **DC** and its readers.

A few years ago, Joe Orlando and I crossed the "pond" to England to address a professional group of British cartoonists, acquaint them with **DC**'s policies and rate structures, and tell them that we were anxious to establish an ongoing creative relationship with them. Our talk was well received and we came home feeling that our message had been heard and, at the very least, some long-lasting friendships had been established.

By the time Mike W. Barr's and British artist Brian Bolland's breathtaking, trend-setting maxi-series **CAMELOT 3000** was released, I was in charge of **DC**'s editorial department and really glad that Brian had opted to throw in with us.

Since then, the trickle of talent from across the pond has become a flood. We have watched in awe as Alan Moore redefined **SWAMP THING**, cheered at the exciting new heights reached when Dave Gibbons drew **GREEN LANTERN**, breathed some fresh air with the absolutely unique art of Kevin O'Neill (who has popped up here and there, most notably in a recent issue of **OMEGA MEN**), and had a real blast reading that wonderful two-part **VIGILANTE** story set in New York but written by Alan Moore in the English countryside and illustrated by Jim Baikie, who resides in Scotland. (Jim, by the way, is currently drawing the origin of Brother Blood for a **TEEN TITANS SPECIAL**.)

To show her appreciation for jobs well done, President-Publisher Jenette Kahn recently took some 30 writers and artists to dinner in London when she went to England on business. The dinner was held at the Savoy Hotel, a posh locale of which Dave Gibbons commented, "I didn't think I was good enough to even walk in front of the building."

The dinner, everyone tells me, was a smashing success. Everyone had a good time and Jenette let everyone know that **DC** is still looking for new talent and new ideas. All I had to do was sit back and wait. Sure enough, in less time than it takes to say "British Airways," the proposals started washing up against my door. After digging my way through submissions, I was pleased to see a high level of quality ... at least equal to the level we get from my colleagues here in America. And so in the coming year, you will be seeing (at the very least) a graphic novel by Pat Mills and Kevin O'Neill with the working title **ARMAGEDDON**; an issue of the **DC CHALLENGE** penciled by the fast-drawing Dave Gibbons and inked by Mark Farmer; Vega tales in the back of **OMEGA MEN** by Steve Parkhouse, Alan Moore, and Kevin O'Neill; at least 12 issues of **BATMAN AND THE OUTSIDERS** by Alan Davis; and a very special maxi-series from Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons—one I mentioned in a previous column ... and still hush-hush.

When Editor Bob Greenberger was going to London for holiday in early January (see, I can speak like an Englishman), I asked him to meet with a number of the writers and artists to follow up on business we began doing by mail. When he returned, rested and bursting with good cheer, he made the following report:

"The British writers and artists are much like a fraternity. They gather regularly at a pub across the street from Forbidden Planet, the largest comics shop in the country. As is the local custom, they bought each other rounds of drinks and no one ever kept a tab. Despite a smoke-filled room, everyone gathered around a table and chatted away ... usually swapping tales about people not in the room.

"From what I can gather, most of these gents have grown up on **DC Comics** and working for us is a dream of sorts come true. For example, both Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons admitted an unending devotion to Tommy Tomorrow, a character who hasn't appeared in his own series in over 18 years! And every time one of them comes to America, they usually hover around Julie Schwartz's office, hoping for spare copies of his older titles, in order to complete their collections. Julie, I have learned, gets most of these guys to say yes to assignments by promising to give them hard-to-find back issues.

"On the first day, I had lunch with Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons, spending the afternoon discussing their maxi-series. Later we shared Indian food with Alan Davis, Mark Farmer, and Mike McMahon. All but Mike have been doing work for us, and try as I might, I couldn't wheedle a commitment out of Mike. He said when his current commitments are finished, he'll see what we have to offer. Meantime, Alan Davis explained that he has had to rethink his drawing because this is the first time he's working in full color from start to finish. Many of the British weekly comics use color sparingly and no story is ever completely in color. He's been coloring in photostats of his **BATO** pages just to get some idea of how his work will look.

"Mark is looking forward to his issue of **CHALLENGE** and is spending some of his free time illustrating children's books in England. Everyone is really very pleasant and relaxed about their jobs, without any of the seeming pressure felt by many of the creators back in the States.

"The next night I was treated to Indonesian cuisine by Nick Landau of Eagle Comics. We were joined by Brian Bolland, Steve Moore, Steve Parkhouse, Kevin O'Neill, and the always gregarious Dave Gibbons. Everything seemed to go all right until Nick handed me a plate and suggested I sample the squid. Yipe!

"Anyway, Steve Parkhouse explained that he had been completing assignments for the British comics publishers and was looking forward to doing a great deal of work for **DC**. In addition to a few **VEGA** stories, Steve will probably contribute ideas for graphic novels and one-shot tales. Steve Moore, on the other hand, has already submitted one maxi-series and one graphic novel proposal. He's **serious** about wanting to work with us. And Brian mentioned the night before that he has a hard time saying no.

"There were others I wanted to meet and speak with, but either there wasn't enough time or they were unavailable. From what I can gather, though, the people over there are more than eager to do work for us."

No more eager than I am to have them work for us, Bob. Thank you for the report, and I'm glad you had so much fun.

Hmm. Now that Bob and Jenette have been over there, I wonder when I get my turn to go to London and take these guys out?

Thank you and good afternoon.

Dick

☐ **WARLORD ANNUAL 4:** Morgan and Hawk are marooned on a mysterious island, plus a Map of Skartaris!

☐ **JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA 241:** A new costume for Vibe, Aquaman goes AWOL, and Amazo!

☐ **CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS 5:** In the wake of the Monitor's death, two worlds merge!

☐ **FURY OF FIRESTORM 38:** Will Prof. Stein be the Weasel's next victim?

☐ **ATARI FORCE™ 20:** The Force is on trial in the climactic final issue!

☐ **TALES OF THE TEEN TITANS 56:** The return of Jericho, Adeline's secret, and a new villain!

☐ **JONNI THUNDER 4:** Showdown in the Hollywood Bowl!

☐ **VIGILANTE 20:** Nightwing guest stars, Vigilante is on the prowl, and Adrian Chase is very confused!

☐ **DEADMAN 4:** The Hook's trial unexpectedly leads to Deadman's twin brother!